



TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE

NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

BY KEITH, SMITH & CO.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1878.

VOLUME XIII.—NO. 35.

Professional Cards.

WM. C. KEITH. JOHN S. VERNER.

KEITH & VERNER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND
Solicitors in Equity.Will practice in the State Courts on the
Eighth Judicial Circuit and in the United
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Office on Public Square, Walhalla, S C
Jan 6, 1878S. MCGOWAN, R. A. THOMPSON
Abbeville, S C Walhalla, S CMCGOWAN & THOMPSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,Will give prompt attention to all business
confided to them in the State, County, and
United States Courts.Office on Court House Square, Walhalla, S C
as junior partner, Mr. Thompson, will
also practice in the Courts of Pickens, Green-
ville and Anderson.
January, 1878

PRESCRIPTION FREE!

For the cure of all diseases of the
Lungs and all disorders brought on by indig-
estion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredi-
ents. Address, Dr. W. J. BAKER & CO.,
130 West Ninth Street, Cincinnati, O.VEGETINE
FOR DROPSY.

I never shall

Forget the first Dose.

PROVIDENCE.

Mr. H. R. STEPHENS:
Dear Sir—I have been a great sufferer from
dropsy. I was confined to my house more
than a year. Six months of the time I was
entirely helpless. I was obliged to have two
men help me in and out of bed. I was
swollen 10 inches larger than my natural size
around my waist. I suffered all a man could
and live. I tried all remedies for dropsy. I
had three different doctors. My friends all
expected me to die: many nights I was ex-
pected to die before morning. At last Vegeti-
ne was sent me by a friend. I never shall
forget the first dose. I could realize its good
effects from day to day; I was getting better.
After I had taken some 5 or 6 bottles I could
sleep quite well at night. I began to gain now
quite fast. After taking some 10 bottles, I
could walk from one part of my room to the
other. My appetite was good; the dropsy had
at this time disappeared. I kept taking the
Vegetine until I regained my usual health.
I heard of a great many cures by using Vege-
tine after I got out and was able to attend to
my work. I am a carpenter and builder. I
will also say it has cured an aunt of my wife's
of neuralgia, who had suffered for more than
20 years. She says she has not had any
neuralgia for eight months. I have given it
to one of my children for Canker Humor. I
have no doubt in my mind it will cure any
humor; it is a great cleanser of the blood; it
is safe to give a child. I will recommend it
to the world. My father is 80 years old, and
he says there is nothing like it to give strength
and life to an aged person. I cannot be too
thankful for the use of it. I am, very grate-
fully yours,
JOHN S. NOTTAGE.

ALL DISEASES ON THE BLOOD.—If Vegetine
will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure
such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect
health after trying different physicians, many
remedies, suffering for years, is it not con-
clusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be
cured? Why is this medicine performing
such great cures? It works in the blood, in
the circulating fluid. It can truly be called
the Great Blood Purifier. The great source
of disease originates in the blood; and no
medicine that does not act directly upon it, to
purify and renovate, has any just claim upon
public attention.

VEGETINE.

I OWE MY HEALTH

TO YOUR VALUABLE

VEGETINE.

NEWPORT, Ky., April 29, 1877.

Mr. H. R. STEPHENS:
Dear Sir—I have suffered from a breaking
out of Cankerous Sores for more than five
years, caused by an accident of a fractured
bone, which fracture ran into a running sore,
and having used everything I could think of,
and nothing helped me, until I had taken six
bottles of your valuable medicine, which Mr.
Miller, the apothecary, recommended very
highly. The sixth bottle cured me, and all I
can say is that I owe my health to your
valuable Vegetine. Your most obedient
servant,
ALBERT VON ROEDER.

"It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the
diseases for which the VEGETINE should be
used. I know of no disease which will not
admit of its use, with good results. Almost
innumerable complaints are caused by poison-
ous secretions in the blood, which can be
entirely expelled from the system by the use
of the VEGETINE. When the blood is per-
fectly cleansed, the disease rapidly yields; all
pains cease; healthy action is promptly re-
stored, and the patient is cured."

VEGETINE

Cured me when the

Doctors Failed.

CINCINNATI, O., April 10, 1877.

Mr. H. R. STEPHENS:
Dear Sir—I was seriously troubled with
Kidney Complaint for a long time. I have
consulted the best doctors in this city. I have
used your VEGETINE for this disease, and it
has cured me when the doctors failed to do
so.
Yours truly,
ERNEST DURIGAN,
Residence 621 Reno St.,
Place of business, 573 Cent. Ave.

VEGETINE

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

THIRTY-EIGHT.

How quickly fly the years away,
And rush into the past,
While wrinkles come unbidden
So very sure and fast;
They tell me I am growing old,
And must accept my fate,
I've scarcely seen the world at all,
And yet I'm thirty-eight.

My hair is tinged with silver,
With here and there a spray,
The brown is getting thinner,
Surrounding the gray;
Old time is reaping bodily
The crop from off my pate—
I think he's rather early,
For I'm only thirty-eight.

I remember, yes, remember,
A few short years ago,
Before my hair was sprinkled
With this autumnal snow;
That years were slow in coming—
In fact, we're very late—
When here I am despairing
That I am thirty-eight.

Oh! Time, relent a little;
I'm bald enough at best;
Just stay and think a moment,
Lay down you sayth and rest;
I want to be a youngish man,
About the middle state;
So if you please, just let me be
A boy of thirty-eight.

I've tried some hair restorers,
To replace the gathered crop;
I've hunted for a remedy
In recipes and shops;
But while I hunt for just the thing,
I'm most convinced it's bait;
To kill what little hair I've got,
And leave me thirty-eight.

I'm glad I married years ago,
Before I got so old—
Before my face was furrowed
With crow's feet plain and bold;
I'm glad I courted when I did,
My true and loving mate,
Because she loves me just as well,
If I am thirty-eight.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Of fancy your life won't tell,
The work is the work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad—
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad—
There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience,
There's space in the old world yet;
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get.
Keep your eye on the goal, lad—
Never despair or drop;
Be sure that your path leads upward—
There's always room at the top.

[C. McK. in the News and Courier.]

The Daredevil Redmond.

ANOTHER CHAPTER OF THE
STORY OF THE MODERN ROB-
IN HOOD.

Redmond's Capture, and How he Escaped
—Trying to Rescue Ladd—The "Cops"
on the Run—Wounding of Barton,
Hendricks and Gary—Capture of Bar-
ton—Redmond's Kindness to Mrs. Bar-
ton, &c., &c.

PICKENS C H., June 28.—"The next
trouble I got into," continued Redmond,
resuming the narration which was suspended
in the News and Courier yesterday, "took
place some time after that one in which
Duckworth was killed, and it resulted in
my capture. I escaped, however," he
added with a laugh of merriment over the
recollection. Omitting many interesting
particulars which might be considered
irrelevant, and would extend this letter to a
greater length than permissible, I commence
in the middle of his story.

A large reward had been offered in North
Carolina for his apprehension, and having
his sisters to support, and knowing, more-
over, that arrest at that time meant trial in
a United States Court and very speedy
conviction, Redmond transferred the scene
of his operations into South Carolina, where
he drove a thriving trade, almost in the
midst of the "Revenues," who tried in vain
to catch him. "I bought and sold only the
best whiskey," he said, "and could get
\$1.57 per gallon for my stock where other
traders could only command \$1. 'Red-
mond Whiskey' soon became well known
and was sought after by everybody, even
the Revenues. I was always very liberal
with my customers and have frequently set
out a ten gallon keg for a 'treat,' and seen
them drink every drop in a few hours. I
have no doubt that I have 'treated' away
fully 1,500 gallons in this way since I
began. I did not mind treating my friends,
but I did hate to treat a reeve, as I have
often done, though I never said a word.
The fact is," he added, "there is very
little profit in the business, and what with
losses and captures, and the risk of arrest
and imprisonment, a man necessarily runs,
it does not pay to follow it. I have not
distilled a drop for three years, and have
not sold any for over six months.

REDMOND BETRAYED.

Among others with whom I used to trade
was a man named Van Hendricks. I met
him one day and he told me that he wanted to
buy a quantity. We finally agreed to meet
at a certain house that night, where I was
to deliver the whiskey and receive the
money. He wanted it on credit, but I
could not afford to let him have it, so he
promised to come and bring the money.
He was to meet me at 1 o'clock that night,
and after dark I drew off what he wanted
(I had to make the faucet out of a sweet
potato) and carried it to an outhouse,
where I waited for him. Amos Ladd, my
wagon driver, was with me, and we kindled
a big fire on the hearth and laid down to
sleep. About half-past 12 Hendricks and
Jannison came in, and I drew a pint bottle
full and 'treated' them both. I then laid
down again with my coat and boots off, and
we commenced talking. I had my pistols
by me, one in sight and one under my
pillow, and Hendricks asked me to let him
see what kind I used. He picked up one
and examined it and then asked me to let
him see the other. This made me sus-
picious, and I replied that I never allowed
any man to handle all my weapons at one
time.

THE CAPTURE.

Just then a crowd of men, who had been
waiting outside, burst open the door and
rushed in on me and surrounded me.
There was a big light in the fire-place, and
I saw a dozen guns were cocked and pointed
right at me. They were hollering, 'Sur-
render! Surrender!' as fast as they could,
and Amos Ladd said, 'I surrender.' I said
nothing, and turned over to get my pistol
from under my pillow, and saw that Hen-
dricks had run around behind me and had
my own pistol within a few inches of my
head. Several of them jumped upon me at
once, and held me down and pinioned my
arms, and then they turned me over on my
back and Barton and Gary tied my wrists
close together. It was all done in a mo-
ment, but when they jumped on me, I
thought to myself, 'if there were only two
of you, how quick I could turn you under.'
If I had done so, however, they would have
riddled me with buckshot and balls, so I
thought I would wait.

BRUTAL TREATMENT.

When they were tying me, they used a
small, strong rope, and they pulled mighty
hard on it. I had a 'rising' on one wrist
and they hurt me pretty badly; they broke
the rising and cured it. Here is the story
now," he said, laughing, "but if they had
torn my arm off I wouldn't have said a
word. When I was tied, Barton asked me
if I was Maj. Redmond? I told him, yes!
He said, 'Yes, G—d—d—n you, you are
the man who wanted to kill me.' I replied,
'I have not wanted to kill you; I could easily
have done so if I had wanted.' He ordered
me to get up, but pulled so hard on the end
of the rope he had tied me with that I
couldn't get up. It is no easy thing to
rise when you are on your back with your
hands tied. I tried to do so, but couldn't
get up quick enough to please him, and
then," said the outlaw, his eyes flashing at
the recollection of the indignity, "then he
kicked at me, his boot grazing my side! If
he had kicked me squarely he would have
hurt me though I don't think he could have
hurt me much, that night, whatever he
did, but that was enough. I felt like I was
as strong as three men, and sprang up, I
don't know how. I kept quiet, however,
and they held me, and Barton ran his hand
into my pocket and took out my pocket-book.
I had one hundred and eighty-six dollars.
He asked me if it was mine? I said 'yes,'
but it back in my pocket; you have no
right to take my money.' He said, 'you
have no right to it,' and kept it. I then
said, 'Look here, I want my boots.'

A DASH FOR FREEDOM.

Barton dropped the end of the rope he
had been holding, and started past me to
get the boots which were lying by my pallet.
I was mad because he had kicked me, and
I felt as tall as if I were three feet above
the floor. I turned my hands in the rope
and 'whipped' my arms into Gary's breast,
and knocked him down. I knocked Moore
down in the same way on the other side;
the others were all standing two deep
between me and the door. I kicked at
Charley White, who gave way, the rest
scattered, and I jumped out of the door like
I had been grassed. My wagon was in
front of the door, fortunately; so I ran
around it, gathering up, as I ran, the rope
with which I was tied to keep it from tripping
me (I knew they would catch me if I
fell). They dashed out after me, Bang!
bang! went their guns. The balls struck
all around me and knocked up the snow.
I heard one of them say, 'By G—d, I know
we have killed him; but I knew they
hadn't, and kept on. I was still tied so
tight I couldn't get loose, though I kept
tugging at the rope as I ran. I had one
pistol in my pocket, and twisted my hands
around and got it out, but dropped it in
jumping a big chestnut log.

FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE.

There was a fence in the way, but I went
over it without any trouble. I think I flew
over, I got over so easily. The officers
turned back they were afraid to follow me
very far, and then I stopped and untied the
rope with my teeth, and knew I was safe.
The snow was thick on the ground, and I
was without hat or coat, and in my stocking
feet. I knew they had my pistols, but as
they had Amos, too, I determined to rescue
him or die. I thought they wouldn't stay
long about there after I was loose, so I ran
across the fields in my stocking feet to a
neighbor's house. I won't tell his name;
but when I got there the sales of my stockings

were on pikes by the ice, and the legs
were clinging around my ankles. I knocked
off my shoes and I told him those
'hell-fired devils' had captured me and my
driver, and I intended to take him from
them. He gave me a hat and coat and
shoes, and a gun and ammunition. I then
went back to the road which I knew they
would have to travel, and waited for them.
I heard them getting ready to start with
Amos, and all were talking and shouting
together. They had captured a high-strung
black mare of mine, and when they hitched
her to the wagon to start one of them
whipped her, and she began to kick things
to pieces generally. Barton was anxious to
get away, so Amos told me afterwards, and
stood by with his gun, aiming at every
noise he heard in the bushes. They got
started finally; the bay mare did all the
pulling, as the black was mad; and I heard
them coming up the road. Amos was cry-
ing; he was nothing but a boy, then, and I
can't tell you how I felt.

ATTEMPTED RESCUE OF AMOS LADD.
I just seemed to swell, I felt so big; but
I couldn't help from crying myself. I
knew my own wagon by the black mare,
which I could see against the snow bank.

Their was a one-horse concern, and was
in front, and just as soon as it came within
reach I leveled my gun and fired! I heard
some one holler, 'Run! run! run!' and I
heard 'Barton say, 'What's the matter?'
I thought to myself, you wait a minute and
I will show you what's the matter. Then
some one in the foremost wagon fired at me
two or three times and they all fell out
of the wagon, and as they ran up the
snow bank into the bushes I fired again.
My gun was loaded with buckshot, and when
I heard some one groaning and I thought
'I have got meat this time,' I shot six more
times, but the banks were so high that I
overshot them and didn't get anybody.

CHARLEY WHITE'S TERROR.

One of them, Charley White, had caught
a shot in his thigh, and as Amos who was
then dodging behind the barrels told me
afterwards, tried his best to get under or
into Amos for protection. Amos told him
to get out and take his share; and he
replied, 'I have got my share already.'
"To do him justice, I may say here that
the "Major" did not seem to think that,
under all the circumstances, there was any-
thing particularly wrong in his single
handed attack upon the dozen Revenues.
He certainly enjoyed telling how hard poor
Charley White had tried to crawl into Amos
and how his faithful black mare had fanned
timber with her indignant heels. The
officers took Amos into their midst and
drove rapidly, and Redmond ceased firing
for fear of killing his friend.

AWAITING ANOTHER CHANCE.

"I hadn't got Amos out yet," he contin-
ued, "so as they drove on I ran on down the
fence by their side until they got to the
next house, (Mr. Pepper's) which was not
far off, and then heard them holler, 'whoa!'
and call for old man Pepper. Mr. Pepper
started to bring out a light, but Barton or-
dered him not to bring it there. I was
standing a few feet from him in the dark-
ness, watching for a chance to rescue Amos,
but could not tell him from the others. He
had untied himself in the wagon, however,
while we were fighting, and suddenly I
heard some one holler, 'He's gone! he's
gone!' and then several shots were fired;
but I knew that he had got off safely. I
then thought I would rush in and out the
traces and recapture my horses, but thought
they might hit me so I stood still. They
all went into the house, and I went off and
whistled for Amos, who came to me and
told me I had wounded Barton and Hen-
dricks. We went back together to watch
the house, and I looked through the window
and saw them all sitting before the fire. I
could have killed Barton or any of them;
they were not ten feet from me; but I
wouldn't shoot any one down in another
man's house.

THE WAY THE REVENUES RUN.

The next morning I saw them again in
the road in the one-horse wagon, and
wanted to shoot Jannison, but Amos begged
me not to do it, and I wouldn't. Presently
the others came along and Gary was riding
on my horse by the side of Dr. Earle, who
had been attending the wounded. It made
me mad to see him on my horse, after all
that had happened, but I wouldn't shoot
at him, for fear of wounding Earle, who
was between us. Gary had gotten him to
ride by him. At last I saw Earle go a
little ahead, and I saw my chance and fired
at Gary and hit him. Earle helped him
back on my horse, and then I never saw
him run so in my life. I thought I would
stop them, so I shot my own horse; he
commenced staggering, but he was game
and kept going, and I followed on after
them as fast as they and I could run. They
crossed a creek and all stopped, and Gary
hollered back to me: 'Come over here and
I will kill you.' I had only my pistol, but
I started towards him. I had to cross the
creek on a small log, and loaded as I went.
Before I could get across they commenced
running again, and I called out to them to
'wait and I would kill every one of them.'
'That is the way you do,' I said, 'you steal
a man's horse, and then run!' I then
turned and went back. Gary had dropped
his hat in the road, and I found it, and
tore it all to pieces. He had my overcoat,
a shawl I had paid twenty-eight dollars
for, and also my hat and boots and a fine
dress coat. They gave the hat and boots
and coat to negroes living on the roadside.
I heard of it and gave out word that I
would kill them all if they didn't bring
them back. They brought them that same

night, and I found them hanging on the
wagon next morning. The revenue officers
carried off my shawl and overcoat and kept
them for their own use." (It was for at-
tempting to recover this stolen property that
Judge Mackay issued a bench warrant for
him for committing highway robbery.)

A MOONSHINERS RAID.

"The next day," continued Redmond,
"I sent word to Barton that if he would
return my horses and money and have my
wagon mended, I would call all square
between us, and be done with it. He re-
fused to do it, so a few days later I raised
a company of about twelve men from
Creek, and went to call on him. We rode
all that night. It was very dark and we
missed the way, and I rode into a cut in
the railroad. It was very deep, and I had
a hard fall. My horse fell on me and
knocked my leg out of joint. I thought it
was broken it hurt so, but I called to the
boys to halt or they would ride in too. One
of them was so close that as he wheeled his
horse's hind legs slipped over the edge and
threw dirt down on me. I heard one of
them say, 'He's killed, let's go back home.'
I found my horse was not hurt
much, so I got on him and rode down the
track until I could get out, and went back
to him. My leg was hurting very badly,
so I called one of the boys to me and told
him to catch hold and pull as hard as he
could. He did so, and my leg slipped back
with a pop which I thought could have
been heard a hundred yards off. I did not
say anything about it. We had no light
except matches, and burned about five
boxes of them trying to find our way. We
got to Bartley Station that night, and some
of the boys wanted to go on at once to Bar-
ton's house.

NO ROBBER OR HORSE THIEF.

"I said, 'No, let us wait until day and
go like men; I am no robber or horse thief
and what I do I propose to do by day light.'
They go in like dogs—don't let us do like
them.' We stayed at the station until day-
light, and a man asked 'where I was
going. I replied, 'bird hunting!' That was
what the officers had said when they
started after me. I got some ammunition
at Bartley, and we started down the road.
One of the boys tried to priue his old flint
and steel rifle as he galloped along, and he
left a black trail of powder for half a mile!
(The reader will doubtless have remarked
that our autobiographer has a grim sense
of humor, and nothing ridiculous escapes
him even under the most serious circum-
stances.)

THE RAID ON BARTON'S

When we got nearly to Barton's house we
saw a negro run in, and as we closed around
the house, I saw Barton steal out and crawl
under it. Mrs. Barton came out wringing
her hands and screaming, but I told her
not to be alarmed as I didn't want to hurt
anybody. I asked where her husband was
and she said he was in Greenville. I told
her he was under the house and asked her
to call him out. She said I had come to
kill him, but I told her no, I only came to
get my horses and money. She asked me
if I would give her my hand on that? I
did so, and she called Barton, who came
crawling out on his hands and knees. He
had been raining and he was very muddy;
he came forward, arm-in-arm with his wife,
and said to me, 'Redmond, I know you
have come to kill me, and I want to die
right here at home with my wife.' I told
him that I only came for my property—my
horses and wagon—and he replied that they
were in Greenville, but that he would go
there and get them, or I could send one of
the boys for them. I told him I hadn't
come for any foolishness, and would have
them or his hide!

REDMOND DEMANDS HIS OWN.

He asked for a chair and started off to
get one, but I ordered him to stand where
he was. He then asked for a pair of dry
socks, and I let him send and get them. I
then told him I wanted my money. He
asked me how much it was. I said, you
know how much you stole from me—go and
get it.' (It was \$186.) He said, 'I have
a check on the bank for \$190. You can
have that; it is all the money I have, and
you can take my horses. I said I don't
want your horses. I want my own, and I
won't have your check. You took money
from me; pay it back and I will go. He
offered to send Mrs. Barton to Bartley to
get the money, and I said all right. He
then said I could go to his stable and take
his horses. I replied that I was no horse
thief, and did not propose to go near his
stable; he could go and bring them and give
them to me in the presence of these wit-
nesses, if he desired to pay me for what he
had taken from me wrongfully. He took
two negroes with him, and I told them not
to touch the horses. He brought them out,
and all who saw them said that neither of
them was as good as mine, but it was the
last chance, so I took them. He called a
man who lived near him to witness that he
gave up the horses freely, as I had told
him that I wouldn't take them on any other
terms. I told him he had to pay Amos
also six dollars he had taken from him the
night of our capture, and he said he had
no money to pay him with. Mrs. Barton
said there was some loose silver in the
house; and she went to get it, and counted
out five dollars and gave it to Amos. He
had lost his wages in my service, so I paid
him the remaining dollar afterward out of
my own pocket. Barton then brought out
a jug of whiskey and offered to treat the
crowd. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barton drank
a little to show that it was all right, and
one or two of the boys drank with them. I
could not drink his whiskey after all that

had passed between us, but I had some of
my own, and the rest of the boys drank it
with me.

THE VISIT TO EASLEY'S.

Mrs. Barton then went on to Easley's
Station with us, and she and I talked
together all the way. She is a good wo-
man, and I was never so sorry for any one
in my life as I was for her. She said they
were broken up completely, and had
nothing to live on or to work with. When
we got to Easley's she had the check cashed,
and gave me one hundred dollars. I had
been thinking of what she had told me on
the road; so I told her never mind about the
eighty six dollars, she might have that. It
was not the money that I had cared for, I
only didn't want to be robbed and abused.
A crowd had collected at the station by
this time, and she was afraid to go home
by herself. I sent one of my friends to
keep her company, and told her to keep the
horse to help make bread for her and her
children. She did not want to take it, as
she said I would come back on her hus-
band for it. I told her that I would not,
but that I didn't want to hear of him on any
more raids. She was satisfied and went off.

A KIND INVITATION.

I bought five gallons of whiskey at Eas-
ley Station, and treated the whole crowd
that had gathered there. It looked like a
regiment, and I didn't know there were
half that number of men at the station.
While they were drinking I saw Moore,
one of the men who had helped to capture
me, standing at a corner, and some one
asked me to treat him too. I called out to
him and invited him to join us. I said, 'Hello, Lieutenant, come up and drink with
me.' He said he wouldn't come, and I
told him I would bring him, and turned my
horse to go after him. He said, 'All right,
I will come.' I said, 'I paid my money
for this whiskey; it is not stolen, come and
drink with me.' He refused again, but I
made him take two drinks. Amos Ladd
said to him, 'You were the man who tied
me. Do you remember what you said when
you did it?' Moore said, 'No I don't re-
member.' Amos replied, 'You said to me
that you have got the best man hold of
you you ever saw, and yet you were the
first man to run.' This turned the laugh
on Moore and soon after we rode off. Barton
went on one raid; after this, Moore never
went on another.

Gov. Hampton's Good Advice.

Wade Hampton's speech on the fourth of
July to the people of Barnwell County was
in fact addressed to the people of all South
Carolina, and deserves to be read, and care-
fully read, too, by all Southern Democrats.
The Governor admonished his people to
stand by their promises of 1876, and he told
them plainly that he at least means to do so.
The occasion of his admonition appears to
have been a proposition by the Barnwell
Democrats to reject the votes of colored
Democrats at their primary meetings. They
appear to have Bourbons in Barnwell who
are silly enough to think they can swing
away the negro voters, or at least allow
them no share in preliminaries of an elec-
tion, the nomination of candidates; and
there appears to have been some reason-
able talk, besides, of "counting in anybody
we pleased"—of succeeding by fraud in the
fall elections, that is to say.

The people of South Carolina, white and
black, are fortunate in the possession of a
man like Governor Hampton, who is not
only just and honorable himself, but has the
courage to tell his people the truth. He is
perfectly right in what he told them.
South Carolina is on her trial, and it is
quite possible, if her people permit the
baser sort of politicians to control the
elections, that they shall find themselves
flung back into the awful condition from
which the wisdom and courage of Governor
Hampton and those who stood by him re-
scued them. We are sorry to think that
such suggestions as Governor Hampton
alludes to in his admirable address could be
for a moment tolerated anywhere in the
State; but it is pleasing to see that his stern
rebuke of them and his repeated and reite-
rated assertion that he and those who were
chosen to the State offices with him mean
to redeem to the last iota every promise
made to the blacks, were received with re-
spected and continued applause. It belongs
to the honest and honorable citizens of South
Carolina to stand by these pledges and to
put down every rascally attempt to violate
or evade them. The honorable fame of
their State is at stake in this matter. But
this is not all; they may rest assured that
any attempt to prevent the blacks from
voting, or from having their votes honestly
counted, or to treat them in any way un-
justly, will be carried all over the Northern
States, and will surely bring back upon
them the plague of misrule from which
they have but lately escaped.—N. Y. Herald.

California expects to realize fifty millions
of dollars on her wheat crop this year, an
increase of twenty-six millions on the
receipts of last year. The steady increase
of the grain crops in California is remark-
able when the fact is taken into consideration
that their success depends in great part on
artificial irrigation.

A bad marriage is like an electric ma-
chine—it makes you dance, but you can't
let go.

Snodgrass, speaking of that hot place,
calls it "that warm-by-and-by."

Sammy Tilden left New York, on the 26
for Europe.